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The Oxford Democrat.

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AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY B. WALKER MCKEEN.

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to Mr. McKeen at Fryeburg, Maine.

A RETROSPECT.

Just now there is time for farmers to look about themselves, and think over matters. To compare the labor and profits of last year with those immediately preceding and ascertain if the rules followed are bringing them the best returns. And if not, to cast about for something better.

That there has been great changes in the general plan of farm management is undeniable, and this change has been brought about by the actual necessities of a growing civilization and steady advance on the road of progress. As we glance back over the time that is past and survey the changes and transformation, we must admit the wisdom of the Great Ruler whose hands guide the plow of destiny and mould the manners and customs of men and nations. All of these considerations are more plainly shown to the farmer than any other class of people, because he has at his command as working tools, all nature's implements. Into his hands are given the beasts of the field and all the plants that, by their growth, furnish food, and lumber, or beautify the earth with their foliage and flowers. And in order to properly understand the natures of these trusts it is necessary that a large amount of knowledge be acquired with which to combat their natural enemies and carry them to that perfection that is possible. The popular notion that so long existed, that education was unnecessary for farmers, is being rapidly crowded out, and giving place to the more reasonable one that, as no one has a broader field to labor in, or has to deal with more complex substances than he, so he should have abundant knowledge upon all subjects. No business followed by man, will stand so much neglect and imposition from its followers as will farming. It furnishes food for its votaries and the world, under conditions, many times, that would bankrupt any other business. And also will thrive upon all the waste places of the world with almost undying tenacity.

Under the close and exhaustive system of farming that was formerly followed the soil was constantly growing poorer, and becoming drained of its fertility, slowly, but just as surely as a vessel of water would be emptied by a faucet, and upon the same principle. A constant turning backward of our thoughts even to "those good old times," so often spoken of, is unwise, but an occasional glance backward does much good. As we look over the manners and customs of the past we see much to admire, much that is worthy of our earnest efforts to imitate, and learn also the thoughts and feelings that controlled people then. There was no lack of sturdy manhood, no lack of strict integrity and unflinching rectitude. A high sense of justice led to Spartan methods of living and law making. But with a sad lack of forethought which characterizes all settlers in a new country, the quality of their land was allowed to deteriorate until its condition has become such that it is the constant study of the farmer of today, aided by science and investigations of learned men, to partially restore it to its former productiveness. Many times this seems an almost hopeless task. But we believe that by proper rotation and judicious expenditures for fertilizers, in most cases, this result can be obtained. The farmers of the Great West have pursued this exhaustive course with their lands until they are becoming alarmed about the condition of their soil, and are looking about for a remedy. So in the West today is seen that progress that marks the course of events everywhere.

But let us not turn back for the perusal of the early pages of the world's history, thinking to find nothing that is valuable for itself alone. Many things that are now in use as new inventions, have existed from the earliest times, and are now renewed by the ingenuity of man. So there are constantly being discovered relics of former generations that show the people to have had a great degree of civilization, to have been skilled in the use of tools and their adaptation to their wants;—every thing being fitted into its proper place by the needs of advancing civilization.

It is interesting to trace the development of Agricultural machinery from the simplest mechanism to its present improved condition. All these advances have kept pace with the needs of the people. The mowing machine, horse rake, tedder, seed sowers and the majestic self-binding reaper would have been as much out of place in the domestic economy of the first settlers as would the old-fashioned hand sickle in the wheat-fields of today. They were not called for then; as soon as their need is felt, men invent them, and thus goes on the universal march of civilization, in which the eternal fitness of things is continually maintained. All of our schools and colleges, Agricultural experiment stations and seed distributions are the outgrowth of the necessities of man.

From the contemplation of the past, we turn with hope and pleasure to the future—to most of us great in promise and possibility. If we but aim to make the lessons of the past serve us properly and they will be an earnest of the future. Only to those who are wise today from the lessons of the past can hope to see rolling in upon them all the joys of a future whose veil is never lifted, but whose obscurity is partially revealed by the historical record of the past. It would be unwise to turn our eyes and thoughts backward if the greatest lesson of those taught, is lost upon the mind. The golden present, that which never is, but always is to be, the immeasurably short space of time which divides the yesterdays from the todays, the past from the future, is our constant opportunity. No dallying away the present, waiting for some great opportunity for distinguishing ourselves, but a constant attention given to the little details of now is what leads to success and happiness. "Happy is he who has leared to do the duties of the present moment, no matter how trivial, cheerfully and without thought of future rewards or any greatness that may come from it."

Among the many lessons of the past is the very valuable one that like produces like, and that we must reap as we sow. All the history of the past teems with cause and effect, and teaches the great lesson of the unvarying law of the universe. "Sow an act and reap a habit, sow a habit and reap a character, sow a character and reap a destiny." No more beautifully truthful words than these exist. And although they are broad in their application, may very appropriately be taken into active consideration by farmers. And by a constant study of the facts and lessons of the past, let us make our present fruitful for good, and so prepare ourselves for a future of usefulness and happiness. But always holding the reward at the present equal to the effort, thus living a happy, contented life, equally removed from the despondency of those who cry out for "the good old times" on the one hand, or the joyous elation of those who are constantly building castles in the air for their future comfort or happiness.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the LIVING PRESENT,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

JOTTINGS.

[Agriculture of Maine, 1883.]

The selling of hay means the selling of your farm by piece-meal.

[N. E. Farmer.]

Success depends largely upon attending to little things at the right time.

[Maine Farmer.]

A reasonable growth, if made each day, will make a heavy animal in a short time.

[N. E. Farmer.]

With the best of effort in each direction, is not the country as clean as the city, after all?

[N. Y. Tribune.]

Setting apart certain days each spring for tree planting, as a public work, is to be highly commended.

[Our Country Home.]

A little thought and a note-book enables one to save many steps and get $2 worth of results from $1 of expense.

[Home Farm.]

That a farmer will feed his stock all winter just to have them where they were six months previous, is amazing.

[Country Gentleman.]

The difference between good and poor farming is not so much in the amount as in the quality of the home-made manure.

[Prairie Farmer].

Of men who engage in trade nine out of ten, if not more, fail, or at least, fail to become their own employers; while of those who take hold of farming and persist in it, scarcely one in ten fails to have a comfortable subsistence, and a majority, ultimately, have homes of their own.

FALL TOP-DRESSING GRASS LAND.

[Country Gentleman.]

The benefit of top-dressing grass land in the fall is conceded, as the grass takes up the manure readily if decomposed, and thus forms a double coat of grown grass and manure for protection during the winter, and I believe it has not been proved that any loss of manure has been sustained by washing out.

As to applying manure on plowed land intended to be put in in the spring, some have expressed doubt as to whether the rains and melted snows would not carry the strength below the reach of the roots the coming season, and, in drained soil, remove it. They refer, as their authority, to the experiments made at Rothamsted, where the drains showed the loss of nitrates washed from the soil. They fail to consider that the rainfall is much greater in England than here. There may be some loss here also in a rainy season, but seldom, if ever, during the winter, when the earth is usually ice-bound, and the snow water is carried away by the streams.

W. J. F. holds to fall manuring and recommends it, especially on land where potatoes are to be grown the year following, giving instances of its benefit over land where manure was applied in the spring. It is precisely my experience, and with good reason, as the roots of this plant lie deep, or should; moreover, I find it best to turn the top-soil down deep in the spring, the greedy roots taking care that little or none of the strength is lost. When I first experimented in this way, I had my doubts as to whether some, if not a considerable part, of the manure would not be lost, thrown as the manured soil was on the raw soil below. But with the fall application and the burying of the enriched top-soil in the spring, there was apparently no loss. Instead, there was an increase in the yield, the size and soundness of the tubers, surpassing all other treatment; and furthermore, this same ground, after growing such a crop, would, without further manuring, produce other subsequent crops of full growth, such as corn, strawberries, and tomatoes, and no doubt any farm crop could have been grown equally well. Thus the one application has served the purpose of growing several good crops in as many years.

The interesting question here arises, was the manure that fed these crops the actual manure given the soil in this one application, the quantity of which was intended to be all the soil would hold to the best advantage? If so, the retentive power of the soil must have been sufficient to prevent much (if any) loss, which is quite probable. But it is also probable that a considerable quantity of new plant food was obtained from the soil, through the action of the manure on the crude material. This in whatever quantity, will not be lost to the soil, being a mineral manure, nor will there be a loss of interest while remaining unappropriated in the soil. It would, therefore, seem to be an advantage to manure heavily, rather than lightly, or only in sufficient quantity to grow fair to good crops. Is there not here a hint that might be an advantage to gardeners and farmers who cultivate small areas? Instead of annual manuring, would not a maximum supply, lasting longer, be preferable?

There seems to be a tendency in this direction. Manure is also more plowed under now than for some years past, and it seems with encouraging results. Of course this applies only to land having a good proportion of clay; in light sandy soil it would not be safe, though in sandy loam, if well charged with humus, it probably would be. Good results have been obtained in such soil, the effect of the manure lasting for years; but it is sooner exhausted than in clay soil, where indeed it seems to remain, without much regard to time, till vegetation removes it. Free manuring and manuring in the fall, and the plowing under and mixing of manure with the soil, seems to be the coming practice that is to supercede surface manuring on land under the plow. F. G.

Fort Plain, N. Y.

WASHING BUTTER.

[London Provisioner.]

The best and only time that all the buttermilk and what it contains can be separated from the butter, and removed without requiring to knead or overwork the butter, is while the butter is yet in a granulated form. If the churning be so far advanced that the butter will be gathered in a large lump, it will have all through the lump more or less buttermilk, in which buttermilk there will of course be membranous or caseous or other solid matter. Not only will the grain of the butter be injured by the kneading required to remove this buttermilk, but the kneading will remove little else than the liquid of the buttermilk, leaving much of its solid matter incorporated with the butter. The kneading of the butter tends only to press and solidify all the solid matter of the mass, squeezing out only liquid. Moreover, when the buttermilk is gathered into a lump of butter, any taint or impurity in the buttermilk, by closer, longer, even permanent contact with the butter, materially injures the quality of the butter. If, on the other hand, the buttermilk and all it contains be drawn away before the butter has advanced beyond the granulated form, a more perfect result is secured. By washing the butter at a low temperature with water and brine, the buttermilk and all it contains may be removed from it, and before any taint or impurity has been given to the butter, and the grain be saved from the kneading that otherwise would be necessary. In this process butter will be taken out comparatively little affected by defects or taint in cream. Cream may be advanced more or less toward a bitter taste or decay, and the butter because being inclosed in, and protected by, its pellicle, not yet affected. It is because of this protection that sweet butter may be made from sour cream. Sourness is an advancement toward decay. It is equally true that the cream may be more or less bitter and the butter hidden away in it be yet sweet. When churned, the sourness or bitter is in the buttermilk and the butter is yet pure. The buttermilk adds its sour or bitter taste to the butter according to the quantity and time of its presence with the butter. The obvious remedy is the quickest and most complete separation possible.

FACTS ABOUT FEEDING.

[New York Tribune.]

Mr. F. P. Root writes always with the authority of a thoughtful and exceptionally successful farmer. What he says in a recent letter to the *American Rural Home* about winter care and feeding of stock is based on long experience. First in importance he rates comfortable shelter from cold and storms. Then regular meals and drink; he thinks this of even greater consequence than quality or quantity of food. As to the latter point:

"If more is fed than is eaten at a meal, it is a waste, for it will not be eaten afterward, unless the animal is forced by extreme hunger. The judicious feeder will keep the appetite sharp by never feeding more than can be readily eaten, and will be sure to feed at regular hours of the day. There is often great waste in the fattening of hogs by over-feeding—not so much from the waste of grain as in the want of a thriving condition. A pen of hogs may be fed to gain from one to two pounds per day, and the same quantity of grain may be fed with less than one-half the gain, and the same is true of other fattening animals. I have seen a horse stand before a rack filled with hay all day without eating, though hungry, because the hay was stale from overfeeding. Judicious feeding can only be done where one hand has the constant care, and he must learn the wants of the animal and carefully supply these wants."

Reference is made to the expense of steaming all dry fodder; also of ensilaging green crops. Neither of these processes is thought to be at present profitably available to the average farmer in diversified husbandry. As to cutting, grinding and various methods of feeding, we quote five paragraphs well worth the space they occupy:

"My conclusions are that under ordinary circumstances it does not pay to cut dry fodder. Labor is expensive, and machinery costs considerable, and the gain is small. Many farmers claim that the butts of cornstalks, straw or refuse hay can be so sweetened by sprinkling meal over them as to be eaten clean by stock; but the gain is more from the meal than from the rejected fodder which may by this process be consumed. The butts of stalks, or poor hay, that stock with good appetites will reject, can have but little nourishment in them—not enough to pay expense of young stock to eat them.

"Cut cornstalks are in better condition for the manure-heap, but not enough is gained to pay cost of cutting. Cut fodder must be fed in mangers, otherwise loss will be greater than when fed uncut. I have found the greatest economy in feeding cornstalks to cattle in stanchions, where they cannot tramp them under foot; and when properly fed but a small proportion of the stalk will be rejected—in my estimation, no more than when cut and fed in like manner. In feeding dry grain to fattening cattle and hogs, there is gain in grinding more than enough to pay cost—but in feeding sheep or work-horses corn I prefer to feed on the cob, for they will eat slow and masticate more perfectly.

"In fattening hogs on new corn, as is customary during the fall months, and before the corn becomes dry enough to grind well, there is but little loss in feeding whole corn in the ear, but when dry there is great loss in feeding our flint corn unground. Indian corn is the common feed for porkmaking, and seems a natural diet for the hog, but I think a mixture of other grain less nutritious, and ground together is more healthful and will increase gain. Meal should always be wet, and stand a few hours before feeding.

"For fattening neat cattle I have fed corn-meal clear; also have mixed equal bulk of wheat-bran, and have fed corn-and-cob-meal ground together; this latter I regard as the cheapest feed when the farmer depends upon home-grown feed. Clear corn-meal is too rich for high feeding of young cattle. A mixture of wheat-bran makes a lighter and less concentrated feed, which is promotive of health and thrift; and for the same reasons, grinding corn and cob together makes a better feed without estimating nutritious matter in the cob.

"The dent corn is preferred to the flint corn, there being less cob, and the grain grinds finer in the iron mill used for this mode of grinding. I have a mill that grinds much cheaper than the grist mill, and at home where grinding can be done at any convenient time; also we have a dent corn that ripens as early as the common flint, and yields as well or better. I made over two pounds per day gain on steers fed on such meal last winter on moderate rations, together with mixed clover and timothy hay. I would not feed cornstalks when feeding corn-meal to fattening steers; there is too much sameness of feed. Variety encourages appetite, healthfulness and thrift."

AN INDICATION.

[Prairie Farmer.]

How quickly and greatly the yield of milk of a cow may be influenced by the food and care she receives, is indicated by a recent incident.

A village cow had been giving 16 quarts of milk per day; but the supply of water from the well was cut off for about a week. Rain water from a cistern was offered to her. Of this she drank little and seldom. She was fed upon dry hay, with about 8 quarts per day of dry oat and corn meal. In 24 hours her yield fell to 14 quarts; in 48 hours it had fallen to 13, and in another day it shrunk to 12 quarts per day. Then pure well water was given to the cow, and her ration of grain was wet with hot water, and allowed to stand 12 hours, covered to prevent the escape of steam and heat. When the time for feeding came, more hot water was added, warming it to a temperature of about 80 degrees. In two days this treatment brought the yield of milk up to 15 qts. per day.

The chaffing or cutting of hay, straw, corn stalks, or other fodder, and sprinkling with corn meal, bran or other ground feed, has been found profitable in so many cases that it seems strange that all who keep cows for their milk, particularly in towns, do not adopt that plan. If in addition to cutting the fodder, it can be steamed until soft, the yield of milk will nearly equal, in quantity and quality, that obtained when the stock is upon the pasture.

—A cheap and very effective way to raise the temperature in a cellar that is dangerously near the freezing point, is to set one or more common kerosene lamps on the cellar bottom during the day-time, when not wanted for lighting the rooms above. We have all noticed how much warmer a living-room is in the evening when the lamps are burning than in the day-time with the same amount of fire in the stoves or furnaces. All the heat from a burning lamp is retained in the apartment. Twenty-five cents' worth of kerosene oil will throw out a surprising amount of heat, and in many cases it would be the cheapest means for keeping a cellar from freezing during the passage of an extra cold wave. Cold waves seldom last more than three or four days, and they are often followed by a south wind and a storm, but while they last they may spoil a winter's store of vegetables, if not attended to. Kerosene is cheap, and we have scarcely begun to appreciate its worth.—*Ex.*

DARK DAYS

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

(Continued.)

dream! Oh, it was too fearful, too horrible! I must be dreaming. All my own thoughts of revenge left me. It was for the time pity, sheer pity, I felt for the man, cut off in the prime of his life. While I knew he was alive I could look forward to and picture the minute when we should stand coolly seeking to kill one another, but now that he was dead I hated him no longer. Ah! death is a sacred thing. Dead! Sir Mervyn Ferrand dead, and slain by Philippa!

It could not be true! It should not be true! Yet I shuddered as I remembered the passion she had thrown into those words, "Basil, did you ever hate a man?" I gave a low cry of anguish as I remembered how I had hurled from me the pistol she had let fall—the very weapon which had done the dreadful deed.

Killed by Philippa! Not in a sudden burst of uncontrollable passion, but with deliberate intent. She must have gone armed to meet him. She must have shot him through the heart; must have seen him fall. Then, only then, the horrible deed which she had wrought must have been fully realized! Then she had turned and fled from the spot in a frenzy. Oh, my poor girl! my poor girl!

Utterly bewildered by my anguish I rose from my knees and stood for a while beside the corpse. It was in that moment I learned how much I really loved the woman who had done this thing. Over all my grief and horror this love rose paramount. At all cost I must save her—save her from the hands of justice; save her from the fierce elements which her tender frame was even at this moment braving. And as I recalled how she had sought me yesterday with the tale of her wrong—how she had wildly fled from me a few minutes ago, madly, blindly into the night; as I thought of the injuries she had suffered, and which had led her to shed this man's blood; as I contrasted her in her present position with what she was when first I knew her and loved her, the pity began to fade from my heart; my thoughts toward the lifeless form at my feet grew stern and sombre, and I found myself beginning, by the old code of an eye for an eye, to justify, although I regretted Philippa's fearful act. Right or wrong, she was the woman I loved; and I swore I would save her from the consequences of her crime, even—Heaven help me!—if the accusation, when made, must fall upon my shoulders.

Sir Mervyn Ferrand had paid for his sin with his life!

Yet it was not the beginning of any scheme to evade justice which induced me to raise the dead body and bear it to the side of the road, where I placed it under the low bank on which the hedge grew. It was the reverence which one pays to death made me do this. I could not leave the poor wretch lying in the very middle of the highway for the first passerby to stumble against. To-morrow he would, of course, be found. To-morrow the hue and cry would be out! To-morrow Philippa, my Philippa, would ——. Oh, heavens! never, never, never!

So I laid what was left of Sir Mervyn Ferrand reverentially by the side of the lonely road. I even tried to close his glassy eyes, and I covered his face with his own handkerchief. Then, with heart holding fear and anguish enough for a lifetime, I turned and went in search of the poor unhappy girl.

Where should I seek her? Who knew what her remorse may have urged her to do? Who knew whither her horror may have driven her? It needs but to find Philippa lifeless on the road to complete the heaviest tale of grief which can be exacted from one man in one short night! I clinched my teeth and rushed on.

I had the road all the road to myself. No one was abroad in such weather. Indeed, few persons were seen at night in any weather in this lonely part of the country. I made straight for my own house. The dismal thought came to me that unless Philippa kept to the road she was lost to me forever. If she strayed to the right or to the left, how on such a night could I possibly find her? My one hope was that she would go straight to my cottage; so thither I made the best of my way. If she had not arrived, I must get what assistance I could and seek for her in the fields to the right and left of the road. It was a dreary comfort to remember that all the ponds and spaces of water were frozen six inches thick.

I hesitated a moment when I reached her late residence. Should I inquire if she had returned thither? No; when morning revealed the ghastly event of the night, my having done so would awake suspicion. Let me first go home.

Home at last. In a moment I shall know the worst. I opened the slide of my lantern, which was still alight, and throw the rays on the path which led to my door. My heart gave a great bound of thankfulness. There on the snow, not yet obliterated by more recent flakes, were the prints of a small foot. Philippa, as I prayed, but scarcely dared to hope she might, had come straight to my house.

My man opened the door for me. It was well I had seen those footprints, as my knowledge of Philippa's arrival enabled me to assume a natural air.

"My sister has come?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; about a quarter of an hour ago."

"We missed each other on the road. What a night!" I said, throwing off my snow-covered coat. "Where is she now?" I asked.

"In the sitting room, sir." Then, lowering his voice, William added: "She seemed just about in a tantrum when she found you weren't at home. I expect we shall find her a hard lady to please."

William, in spite of his stolidity, occasionally ventured upon some liberty when addressing me.

His words greatly surprised me. I forced myself to make some laughing rejoinder; then I turned the handle of the door and entered the room in which Philippa had taken refuge.

Oh, how my heart throbbed! What would she say to me? What could I, fresh from that dreadful scene, say to her? Would she excuse or palliate, would she simply confess or boldly justify, her crime? Would she plead her wrongs in extenuation? Would she assert that in a moment of ungovernable rage she had done the deed? No matter what she said; she was still Philippa, and even at the cost of my own life and honor I would save her.

Yet as I advanced into the room a shudder ran through me. Fresh to my mind came the remembrance of that white face, that still form, lying as I had left it, with the pure white snow falling thickly around it.

Philippa was sitting in front of the fire. Her hat was removed, her dark hair disheveled and gleaming wet with the snow which had melted in it. She must have heard me enter and close the door, but she took no notice. As I approached her she turned her shoulder upon me in a pettish way, and as one who by the action means to signify displeasure. I came to her side and stood over her, waiting for her to look up and speak first. She must speak first! What can I say, after all that has happened to-night?

But she kept a stony silence—kept her eyes still turned from mine. At last I called her by her name, and, bending down, looked into her face.

Its expression was one of sullen anger, and moreover, anger which seemed to deepen as she heard my voice. She made a kind of contemptuous gesture as if waving me aside.

"Philippa," I said, as sternly as I could, "speak to me!"

I laid my hand upon her arm. She shook it off fiercely, and then started to her feet.

"You ask me to speak to you," she said; "you who have treated me like this! Oh, it is shameful! shameful! I come through storm and snow—come to you, who were to welcome me as a brother! Where are you? Away, your wretched servant tells me. Why are you away? I trusted you! Oh, you are a pretty brother! If you had cared for me or respected me, you would have been here to greet me. No! you are all in a league—all in a league to ruin me! Now I am here, what will you do? Poison me, of course! kill me, and make away with me, even as that other doctor killed and made away with my poor child! He did! I say he did! I saw him do it! 'A child of shame,' he said; so he killed it! All, all, all—even you—you, whom I trusted—leagued against me!"

She was trembling with excitement. Her words ran one into the other. It was as much as I could do to follow them; yet the above is but a brief condensation of what she said. With unchecked volubility she continued to heap reproaches and accusations, many of which were of the most extravagant and frivolous nature, on my head. At last she was silent, and seated herself in her former attitude; and the sullen, discontented, ill-used look again settled on her face.

And yet, although I, who loved her above all the world, was the object of her fierce reproaches, no words I had yet listened to came more sweetly to my ear than these. A great joy swept through me; a tide of relief bore me to comparative happiness. Whatever dreadful deed the poor girl had that night accomplished she was morally innocent. Philippa was not accountable for her actions!

As a doctor I read the truth at once. The rapid flow of words, the changing moods, the vehement excitement, the sullen air, the groundless suspicions—one and all carried conviction, and told me what was wrong. Mrs. Wilson's words of yesterday, which warned me that Philippa's health should be inquired into, added absolute certainty.

My professional brethren who may happen to read this will understand me when I say that, although it is long since I have practiced as a doctor, I am sorely tempted, as I reach this stage of my story, to give in detail the particulars which induced me to arrive at such a belief. No physician, no surgeon, lives who does not feel it his duty as well as his pleasure to give an accurate account of any out-of-the-common case which has come under his notice. But I am not writing these pages for the benefit of science; and having no wish to make my tale assume the authority of a hospital report, shall restrain myself, and on technical points be as brief as possible.

In short, then, Philippa had fallen a victim to that mania which not uncommonly shows itself after the birth of a child—that dread, mysterious disease which may, at the moment when everything seems going well, turn a house of joy into a house of mourning; a disease the source of which I have no hesitation in saying has not yet been properly traced and investigated. So far as I know, there is no monograph on the subject, or certainly there was none at that time.

Still, it is admitted by all the authorities that this species of insanity is not unfrequently produced by a severe mental shock, especially when that shock is accompanied by an overwhelming sense of shame. Statistics show us that unmarried women who are mothers, and feel the degradation of such a position acutely, are peculiarly liable to be attacked by the mysterious malady. Esquirol was, I believe, the first to notice this fact, and the correctness of his view has subsequently been confirmed by many others.

Such being the case, it is small wonder that Philippa, waking yesterday morning to receive the intelligence that her marriage with Sir Mervyn Ferrand had been a farce, should have been thrown into a state extremely susceptible to the attack of the disease. Her careless exposure of herself to the wintry air, when last night she sought me and claimed my aid, most probably hastened the attack of the foe. Mrs. Wilson had noticed her strange manner. I myself have remarked upon her rapid changes from calmness to excitability. It was clear to me that even when she visited me last night the mischief had begun to develop itself. I blamed my blindness bitterly. I ought to have seen what was wrong. Considering her agitated state, I ought to have been warned, and have taken precautions; but I had attributed those fitful changes, the meaning of which was now only too plain to me, to the natural agitation experienced by a passionate yet pure-minded woman, who found herself betrayed and brought to shame. Oh, had I but guessed the real cause, or rather the way in which her grief had affected her, all the dark work of that night might have been left undone!

Although in many ways it added to the difficulties and dangers which surrounded us, the discovery of the truth was an unspeakable relief to me. No right-minded man could now call the poor girl guilty of crime. The man's blood was indeed on her hands; yet she had shed it, not knowing what she did. Her frenzy must then have been at its height. The idea of his coming that night must in some way have occurred to her. The desire to see him must have driven her to go and meet him. Her wrongs—perhaps the dread she now felt of him—may have induced her to arm herself; perhaps she carried the weapon for self-protection. Any way, she was mad when she started; she was mad when she drew the trigger; she was mad when she broke from my grasp; she was mad now as she sat by my fire, eyeing me with morose, suspicious glances. She was mad—and innocent!

Her manner toward me troubled me but little. It is a well-known peculiarity of the disease that the patient turns with hatred from those who were the nearest and dearest to her. Fits of sullen, stubborn silence, alternating with fierce outbursts of vituperation, are the most common characteristics of the mania. Hideous, startling as it is to see the change wrought in the sufferer, the malady is by no means of such an alarming nature as it seems. In fact the majority of cases are treated with perfect success.

But all this is professional talk. Again I say that the discovery of Philippa's state of mind was an immense relief to me. My conscience was cleared of a weight which was pressing upon it. I felt braced up to use every effort, and thoroughly justified in following whatever course I thought best. Moreover, a new relationship was now established between Philippa and myself. For awhile every feeling save one must be banished. We were now doctor and patient.

After much persuasion I induced her to let me feel her pulse. As I expected, I found it up nearly to one hundred and twenty. This did not alarm me much, as in the course of my practice I had seen several of these cases. The preliminary treatment was simple as A B C; at all cost sleep must be obtained.

Fortunately, I had a well stocked medicine chest. In a few minutes I had prepared the strongest dose of opium which I dared to administer. In such a case as the present I knew that no driblets would avail; so I measured out no less than sixty drops of laudanum. Sleep the girl must have. That poor seething, boiling brain must by artificial means be forced to rest for hours. After that rest I should be able to say what chance there was of saving life and reason.

But preparing a dose of medicine and making a patient like this to take it, are two different things. I tried every art, every persuasion. I implored and commanded. I threatened and insisted. Philippa was obdurate. Poor soul! she knew I meant to poison her. On my part, I knew that unless she swallowed that narcotic to-night her case was all but hopeless.

I rested for awhile; then I sent for lukewarm water. After some resistance she suffered me to bathe her throbbing temples. The refreshing coolness which followed the operation was so grateful to her that she let me repeat the action again and again. A soft and more contented look settled on her beautiful face.

I seized the moment. Once more I pressed the potion upon her. This time successfully. My heart trembled with joy as I saw her swallow the drug. Now she might be saved!

I still continued the comforting laving of her temples, and waited until the drug took its due effect. By and by that moment came. The large dark eyes closed, the weary head sank heavily on my shoulder, and I knew that Philippa had entered upon a term of merciful oblivion.

I waited until her sleep was sound as the sleep of death; then I summoned my man. I had already told him that my sister was very ill. Between us we bore her to her room and laid her on her bed. I loosened her dress, cut the wet boots from her cold feet, did all I could to promote warmth and such comfort as was possible under the circumstances. Then I left her, sleeping that heavy sleep which I prayed might last unbroken for hours, and hours, and hours.

CHAPTER V.

A WHITE TOMB.

From the moment when the true state of Philippa's mind flashed upon me, to the moment when I left her sleeping that heavy sleep, I had little time to think of anything else than the best means of saving her life, and, if possible, her reason. True, throughout the whole of my operations to effect this end, a dim sort of horror pervaded me—a recollection of the ghastly object which lay on the roadside, some three miles from us; but it was not until I turned from my patient's door that the terrible situation in which she was placed presented itself to me in all its dread entirety. Half broken-hearted, I threw myself wearily into my chair, and covered my face with my hands.

What was to be done? What was to be done? To-morrow morning the body would be found. I felt certain that when inquiry was made suspicion would at once point toward Philippa. Mrs. Wilson knew of her starting from home in the evening, alone and on foot. She knew, moreover, that Sir Mervyn Ferrand was her husband; that he had ill-used her. She would most certainly know to whom Philippa had fled. It did not follow that because I was ignorant as to who were my neighbors they knew nothing about me. At any rate, William, my man, would know the truth. So far as I could see, to-morrow, or by the latest, the next day Philippa would be arrested for the crime. Most probably I should also be included in the arrest. For that I seemed to care nothing; except that it might hinder me from helping my poor girl.

Any hope of removing Philippa—there, put it in plain words—any hope of flight, for days, even weeks, was vain. Let everything go as well as can be in such cases, the girl must be kept in seclusion and quiet for at least a fortnight or three weeks. I groaned as I thought of what would happen if Philippa was arrested and carried before the magistrates, accused of the awful crime. From that moment until the day of her death she would be insane.

Yet, what help was there for it? The moment the deed is known—the moment Mrs. Wilson learns that Sir Mervyn Ferrand has been found shot through the heart, she will let it be known that Lady Ferrand is at hand; and Lady Ferrand, who has been passing under the name of Mrs. Farmer, will be sought and found. And then—and then!

Even if she did not die at once—even if she recovered—oh, the shame of the trial! No jury could or would convict her; but for Philippa, my queen, to stand in the dock, to plead for her life. To know that, whether convicted or acquitted, the deed was done by her. To know that all England is talking of her wrongs and her vengeance. Horrible! Horrible! It shall never be. Rather will I give her a draught of opium heavy enough to close her eyes forever. There will be plenty more of the drug left for me!

Fool that I was! Why did I do things by halves? Why, for her sake, did I not hide the dead man where none would find him? Why did I not rifle his pockets, so that suspicion should have pointed to a vulgar murderer—some one who had killed him for mere plunder? Why did I not, at least, destroy any letters or papers which were about him? Identification might then have been rendered difficult, and perhaps been delayed for weeks. In that time I might have saved her.

Why do I not do this now? I started to my feet; then sank back into my chair. No; not even for Philippa's sake could I go go again to that spot. If I did so, I should return as mad as she is now.

Not being able to bring myself to adopt the grewsome alternative, I could do nothing save wait events—nothing, at least, to avert the consequences of her delirious act.

But for her something must be done. How could she, in her frenzied state, be left here—her only companions two men? Nurses must at once be procured. I summoned William And told him he must go to London by the first train in the morning.

William would have received my instructions to go to the Antipodes with imperturbability. He merely expressed a doubt as to whether any one would be able to get to London to-morrow on account of the snow. I walked to the window and looked out.

The night was still one mad whirl of snow flakes. The window-panes were half covered by such as managed to find a resting place there. As I watched what I could see of the wild white dance, I found myself thinking that by now that dead man on the road must be covered an inch—must have lost shape and outline. I shivered as I turned away.

"They are sure to keep the line to town open," I said. "If you can get to Roding, you can get to London."

"Oh, I can get to Roding right enough!" said William.

Then I told him what he was to do. He was to take a letter to one of the Nursing Institutions, and bring back two nurses with him. No matter what the weather was when they reached Roding, they were to come to my house at once, even if they had to hire twenty horses to drag them there. He was also to get me a few drugs that I might want.

William said no more. He nodded, to show that he understood me; and I knew if it were possible to do my bidding it would be done.

Of his own accord he then brought me food.

The Oxford Democrat.

WEEKLY.

PARIS, MAINE, JANUARY, 20, 1885.

GEO. H. WATKINS, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:—Yearly subscriptions, $1.50, if paid strictly in advance, otherwise, $2.00 per year. Single copies, five cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch in length of column. Probate notices inserted as above for $1.50 each, except those relating to Real Estate, which are $2.00 each. Special contracts made with local, transient or yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING.—The Oxford Democrat Office is well stocked with new materials for doing all kinds of plain or fancy job printing. An experienced job printer is always in the office, and as our presses are run by steam, we can guarantee prompt and satisfactory work.

WEATHER REPORT.

TEMPERATURE LAST WEEK AT 7 A. M.

Sunday,	6,	Clear.	Wednesday,	14,	Clear;
Monday,	10,	Snow.	Thursday,	15,	Snow;
Tuesday,	12,	Clear.	Friday,	16,	Cloudy;
Saturday,	18,	Snow.			

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday: Mr. Vanderbilt wrote Mrs. Grant a very courteous letter, offering to remove her all the property which her husband transferred to entitle Vanderbilt's claim for the $150,000 loan, but Mrs. Grant positively refused to accept the kind offer.——The most conspicuous case of juvenile vanity of recent date is that of a 12-year-old girl of Woodbridge, Conn., who tried to commit suicide because her mother refused to permit her to wear a new cloak to church.——Senator Hoar characterizes the rumor that he has been offered a place in the Massachusetts Supreme Bench as ridiculous.——General Butler began a libel suit against the Boston Herald, placing his damages at $10,000.

Tuesday: A resolution introduced in the Senate by Gen. Hawley, calling for a certain other and documents filed by Gen. Sherman with the War Department caused an earnest debate, in which the memories of the rebellion were revived.

Wednesday: A soda ash factory exploded at Syracuse, New York, and 12 men were injured.——Ex-Vice President Schuyler Colfax died suddenly at Mankato, Minn. He was born in New York City March 23, 1823, and belonged to the editorial profession. He was delegate to the Whig National Convention in 1848 and 1852, and in 1856 he supported Fremont for President. He was Speaker of the House three terms, and in May 1868, he was nominated for Vice President at Chicago. He retired from public life at the close of his term of service as Vice President. Of late years Mr. Colfax has lectured all the West and lived at South Bend, Ind.

Thursday: The Senate passed a bill placing Ulysses S. Grant on the army retired list.——One of the certificates of the electoral vote of Iowa and Oregon are missing and Congress voted to send special messengers after them.——A general cut down of wages was agreed upon by the Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester manufacturers.——The leading iron firm in Pittsburg suspended; liabilities over 1,000,000 dollars, 4,000 men were employed.

Friday: Hon. John D. Long has consented to read the address of the honorable Robert C. Winthrop, (who is ill) at the dedication of the Washington Monument.——Heavy rain in Louisiana, the Red River rose 12 inches during the day.——Hon. Wm. Evarts will be the next Senator from New York, he having more than a majority pledged to nominate him, and it is decided it is better selection could be made.——Edmund Yates, editor of the London World, went to jail for a libel.

LATEST.

BY TELEGRAPH SUNDAY MORNING.

A South Newark hat factory was blown up with Dynamite and seventeen men sleeping in the building fortunately escaped death.

An Insane Hospital at Kankakee, Ill., was burned—seventeen insane people were burned.

Considerable property in Louisiana has been lost by floods.

Boston was visited by another large conflagration—Bay State Sugar refinery, Standard Dye Wood Mills and other property was burned.

A Bremen steamer and ship collided near Holyhead. Between 20 and 30 persons were lost.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Statement of the Phœnix Insurance Co., of Hartford, Fire and Marine. Fire and Marine. Fire and Marine.

THE POSTAL CARD BRIGADE

IS GROWING—THIS WEEK THIRTY-NINE (39) SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS FILL OVER THREE COLUMNS WITH THE CREAM OF LOCAL NEWS—ALL FRESH, INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT.

ALBANY.—We are called to send two Grand and also two Petit Jurors to the February term of U. S. District Court at Portland——Business is at a standstill for want of snow. There are five pairs of horses within a mile of the Corner now idle for lack of snow and great numbers of men and oxen in town are in the same fix——Colds are very prevalent and the mumps are still going the rounds——Most of our schools have been successful and are nearly all closed.

ANDOVER.—Rev. W. V. Jordan preached at the Cong'l church last Sunday. For the evening there was an interesting S. S. concert at the same place——Monday's rain was another damper to logging. Several double teams started for Bryant's Pond, Tuesday a. m., only to be turned back at Bamford; no crossing. The travel on this route demands a bridge, crossable at all times——The friends of Rev. Mr. Dame gave him an old-fashioned donation, Wednesday——A social entertainment at the hall is announced for Wednesday evening, next week——Miss Maude Merrill is home from Cambridge, N. H., where she has been teaching——The M. E. Circle meets with Mrs. Simon Cutting, this week——The blacksmiths are worked hard just now.

WEST BETHEL.—Another thaw, and another freeze. Verily, this is a remarkable winter. Every man who owns an acre of land has his own skating rink. Wagons are now used here, and "beautiful snow" cometh not to gladden the hearts of the lumbermen——Chicken-pox still lingers in our village, and there are cases of mumps on all sides of us——Miss Eva L. Dow, of Woodstock, is passing the winter with Mrs. I. D. Grover. They have sewing for Swan & Rowe of Norway——Falls on the ice are everyday occurrences, but no one has been seriously injured——We have no doctor, lawyer or minister, but the former could do well here.

BROWNFIELD.—Granville Fernald, esq., of Bridgton, teaches singing school here, Wednesday and Thursday evenings; has over fifty scholars——Joshua Harsden died Thursday. Drs. Gatchell of Brownfield, Mitchell of Bridgton, Shedd of Fryeburg and Brown of Denmark made an autopsy, Saturday p. m.——Bad colds are very prevalent.

BROWNFIELD.—The most important topic of conversation just now among the juveniles is the singing school, which bids fair to be a success, both for teacher and pupils. Mr. Fernald is an experienced teacher, having been successfully engaged in giving instruction in vocal music, more or less, for nearly forty years. The Herald of Praise, by Prof. L. O. Emerson, is used for instruction. It is said to be one of the best ever compiled by Prof. Emerson——Lumbermen are looking cheerful this afternoon—snow falling thick and fast.——Dr. Gatchel's wife has been quite sick, but is now some better.

EAST BROWNFIELD.—L. M. Giles is about to open his clothing shop, which has been closed for several weeks——J. Devereaux is doing a good business in his clothing shop; has employed the usual number of hands all winter——Several from this village attend the singing school at the Center, which is taught by Mr. Fernald, of Bridgton——Thomas Smith of So. Bridgton, is shipping apples from the Depot here.

BRYANT'S POND.—ANN K. Perham, wife of A. J. Perham, formerly of this town, died in Wakefield, Mass., Jan'y 5th, of cancer in the stomach——A. M. Whitman Post held their installation Jan. 7. Comrade H. C. Berry installed the following officers: J. W. Preble, P. C.; W. H. Pearson, S. V. C.; Edwin Brackett, J. V. C.; John Arkett, Q. M.; H. C. Berry, O. D.; G. A. Whitman, O. G.; J. W. Powers, S.; C. B. Ryerson, Q. M. S.; Delegate to State Department, C. B. Bosse——The Union Circle will meet with Rev. E. C. Goodwin Jan. 21——There will be a Lyceum at the Chase District, Friday evening, Jan'y 23——The Boston Comedy Company played "Fanchon," "The Hidden Hand," and the "White Slave," here to good houses, Jan. 12, 13 and 14.

BUCKFIELD.—Nightly prayer meetings were held here during the week ending Jan. 10——Rev. Mr. Follett is recovering from his cold, but was not able to preach on the 11th——H. A. Flagg, while loading a hog, Jan. 8th, strained the muscles of his arm so seriously he is unable to labor——Geo. W. Long has closed out his meat market——A dancing school is in progress at Tobin's Hall, with about forty couples; Chase of Dixfield, teacher——The Universalists give an entertainment this week, with music, refreshments and a farce entitled "The Little Rebel."

BYRON.—The singing school at the city taught by Algernon Jordan of Andover, is progressing finely——Geo. W. Roberts of Mexico is teaching the day school, which promises to be a successful term——Mrs. Wm. Thomas, who lately hurt her foot by slipping on the cellar stairs, is able to walk. Leroy Thomas, who was sick, is out again. Sadie Richards, who has been at home dangerously ill, is convalescent, to the joy of her friends——W. A. Knapp and family are visiting their friends in this town——Burt R. Farnham, of Rumford, who has been teaching in Andover, has engaged to teach in J. G. Reef's district, this winter term——S. Taylor has caught four black cats or fishers this winter.

BYRON.—School in District No. 4 is progressing finely in charge of Miss Carrie A. Locke of Roxbury.——Mrs. Lupira Brown, who for some weeks was not expected to live, is up again.——Wilson T. Brown is able to be out again.——Chas. O. Pearl is hauling poplar to East Branch. John E. and Jonathan Shaw are also hauling and cutting poplar on the bank of East Branch. G. L. Hall has his poplar yarded ready to haul to Swift River.——The snow storm Thursday was very acceptable.

CANTON.—The snow has nearly all disappeared. Fields and highways are either bare or covered with a coating of ice. Children skate from their homes to the steps of the school building——The steam saw mill has shut down for the season; after this winter, the owners intend to keep the mill in operation during the entire year——J. C. Swasey, son of Hon. J. F. Swasey, now occupies a position in the office of the Secretary of State at Augusta——G. F. Towle closed a dancing school at North Turner last Monday evening; he has lately finished four other schools, and now has three schools in progress. During the last 15 weeks he has met 75 musical engagements——James Reynolds has recently sold his farm to Lucius Packard of Auburn; Mr. Reynolds intends moving to Minnesota——Clinton Stetson has bought the blacksmith shop and business of his employer, Frank Stevens; Stetson is said to be a good workman——The following are the officers of Anasagunticook Lodge, I. O. O. F.: H. C. Ellis, N. G.; W. A. Lucas, V. G.; L. B. Smith, Conductor; G. C. Russell, Warden; H. A. Ellis, Sec.; W. E. Adkins, Treas.——Charles Coburn died Wednesday, Jan. 14, of consumption. He was a young man of steady habits and highly respected in the community. He leaves a wife and one child——Mrs. Daniel Gammon, after a severe illness is recovering. Frank Ripley is improving and gaining in strength every day——A petition is being circulated asking that two new roads be laid out in the village. Both roads are much needed.

DIXMARK.—The Rebekah Circle gave a Mother Goose party and dance, Jan'y 7th; about 70 characters were represented in costume. J. Bennett, esq. introduced the guests in a humorous manner. It was a success in every way——Cornelius B. Mc Intire died Jan. 12, aged about 73 years. He has been a lifelong resident of this town and an honest, worthy man.——The Universalist Circle holds meetings in Odd Fellows halls with picnic suppers. The young folks assemble in the evening and amuse themselves with skating and social games——Mount Moriah Lodge of Masons is in a flourishing condition. The officers-elect were publicly installed Jan. 14th, by District Deputy Dr. French of Lovell, after which they with invited guests partook of a nice oyster supper——Lieut. C. B. Pendexter is sick with mumps. He imprudently entered the room to spank his young son, Con., while that young hopeful was mumpy; he is now paying the penalty of a hasty temper.

DIXFIELD.—Stephen E. Griffith of Dixfield became insane last spring, and his relatives placed him in the McLean Insane Asylum at Somerville, Mass.; stayed there six months, then transferred him to Augusta, where he now is. No perceptible difference. Mr. Griffith is fifty years old, learned his trade as a harness maker of Hon. J. W. Whitten of Buckfield, came to Dixfield when 21 years old, has been in business there 29 years. He is one of our most respected and worthy citizens. He has held various town offices; has been S. S. Committee, Town Treasurer and Selectman, quite a number of years each. He has accumulated a handsome property, all by his own industry. It is said that his interest money will pay the expenses at the Hospital, which is one dollar per day. He has a fine residence in Dixfield village, and an excellent family—a wife and two boys, Claude and Merle, some 8 and 14 years old. He was prospering well in business, and there is no apparent cause for his insanity. He was always true to his friends and let his enemies alone—for he never used either rum or tobacco——Joel W. White of Peru, about four weeks ago obtained a pension; received $1200 back pay, with which he bought the F. G. Austin stand in Peru, and the land connected with it, for $550; a nice, pretty place. He has been very sick since with erysipelas; but by the skillful management of Dr. Wing he is now recovering.

FRYE.—Albert Robbins and wife welcomed about twenty of their friends in their new home, Tuesday evening——Nathan Billington was called to attend the funeral of his son, Seth Billington of Weld, on Tuesday——Louisa Richards, widow of John Richards, longa resident of Roxbury, died suddenly of heart disease in Natick, Mass., where she has resided with her daughters for a few years past. She was a highly respected citizen.

FRYEBURG.—Mr. John S. Webster died Friday, Jan. 9th, aged 84. Two sons and one daughter were with their parents; the other four daughters live in Penn., Ohio and Nebraska. Five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Webster celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Webster was beloved and respected by all——Rev. Mr. Tinker, of No. Conway, preached at the M. E. church last Sunday. In the evening temperance meeting at the New church——Captain Bradbury is at home again, but will soon go to the New Orleans Exposition——The people of the village were delighted to find their water pipes in running order last Saturday——The rain Monday, and consequent rise in the river loosened the ice jam and carried it further down stream; the water also flowed over the intervale, hindering travel in some places——Mrs. Philip Eastman is dangerously sick——Timothy Walker of Quincy, Mass., is visiting his brothers here——A. F. Richardson has been away for a few days, leaving the school in charge of Miss Stone and Miss Robinson——Mrs. G. S. Barrows has gone to Mass. for a few weeks——Chautauqua meeting at Mrs. J. C. Gerry's, on Saturday evening——Oyster supper and other entertainment advertised for Friday evening, at the vestry——S. Stark was in town, Sunday last, to attend his grandfather's funeral.

GILEAD.—The heavy rain, last Monday, caused the ice in the river to break up in many places and the river to overflow its banks. The ice jammed above Henry Wight's and the water ran across the road and while Levi Philbrook was returning from the village he drove in and came very near being drowned; he was taken out by the aid of a boat, after being exposed to the ice and water for nearly two hours, nearly frozen——Most of the teams are out of the woods, while some are trying to do something; and wheels take the place of runners.

GRAFTON.—Another thaw; rained all day, yesterday; the ground is bare as in July; roads very bad, indeed; a hard sight for the lumbermen——Milton R. Howard with his three daughters from Oxford, are visiting friends and relatives in town; all are glad to see their old friends and neighbors once more; they intend going to New Hampshire to visit relatives there——Mrs. Moses McAllister is so as to ride out again; glad to hear it, as she has been quite slim all winter——As Condon, the scaler, was driving by the L. W. Bennett place the other day, his horse took fright running about a mile and a half when he drew in to Mrs. Belle Brown's shed without much injury to horse or driver—only a severe fright to both.

HARTFORD.—January has been a fickle month thus far——Many are at work in the cedar swamp for F. Irish, when the weather will admit——Robert Bates, of Hartford, about eight years ago disposed of his farm to Mr. Bennett, reserving a part of the house for himself and wife. After awhile he and wife went to a number of families to keep house if they wished to leave home or were unwell. Of late Bates has bought all the right and title that Bennett had in the farm, etc. and left the same. Bates and wife have moved in and commenced housekeeping again. They have seen more than four-score years of age——Chase of Dixfield has many couple learning to dance in the Buckfield House, every Friday and Saturday evenings. Two physicians are present; cannot say how many members of the Bar are present——Horace A. Irish and wife of Hartford, with three children, including the first-born, two sons, six years old next May, left for Boston last week, to visit her father, Prof. L. W. Mason. She is his oldest child, and formerly a teacher of vocal and instrumental music in the schools of Boston——The District Lodge of Good Templars of Oxford County will meet with the Crystal Wave, East Buckfield, first Wednesday in February——L. Watson, of Hartford, has five daughters living. All married save one. The last three married farmers and live on good farms, within one and a half mile of their father's. The mother of those girls was fifty years younger than her mother, who lived to see Mrs. Watson in womanhood——M. Verrill & J. Irish had to stop yarding their peeled poplar waiting for snow to move it to Buckfield village; on account of the rain on the 12th they took their axes and cut their winter's wood——The snow is falling on the 13th of January, to the great joy of the multitude who have seen so much slipshod weather this month; they wish for snow, if it does blow.

HEBRON.—Hebron Grange is highly prosperous, and H. A. Cushman, esq., publicly installed the officers Jan. 7th——Sabbath day Rev. S. D. Richardson in his discourse eulogized the life of Gov. Coburn——Miss Graves of Lewiston spent the Sabbath with her relatives; her mother is recovering from long illness——E. S. Duncovering from long illness, and is ham remained here until Tuesday, and is much interested in the arrangement for a concert——The Grangers gave a reception at the town house, Wednesday evening, 13th——Mr. Haskell, a former resident of this place and Mr. Day of Turner came Wednesday, to engage rooms for the latter's three children who intend to take a course of study in the Academy——H. A. Cushman has been obliged to postpone singing school on account of sickness.

At the Hebron Grange, Jan'y 7th, the following officers were installed: C. H. George, M.; A. C. Tubbs, O.; J. M. Chesley, L.; A. D. Bartlett, J.; J. Hibbs, A.S.; S. P. Cushman, C.; L. Gurney, T.; Z. L. Packard, S.; A. E. George, Gate Keeper; H. A. Cushman, Chorister; Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, Pomona; Mrs. A. D. Bartlett, Ceres; Mrs. J. M. Chesley, Flora; Mrs. J. Hibbs, L. A. S. The Grange is in a prosperous condition and doing quite a business in their store.

HIRAM.—Mr. Nathan Kimball of E. Hiram, over 80 years old, says he never knew such a January before. Hundreds of acres of fields are as bare as in June——Mrs. Lusanna W. Hubbard is visiting her friends in Mass.——Our schools during the year past have been of a very high order of excellence——Calvin F. Clemons has returned from Northern Minnesota, where he has been some two years. He reports the weather as being colder than in Maine——Mrs. Nathan Kimball is very sick with a cancer.

LOCKE'S MILLS.—Tibbetts manufacturing company are doing a good business in spool work——The new church is about ready for use——It is very icy, but it is snowing this morning——Blacksmith Whitman has work enough——Circle meets with Miss Abby Hobbs, today——Minister Hannaford preaches here next Sabbath, in the new church——G. Bacon attends to his business well as a shoemaker——Mrs. Ruth Young has plenty of work; she is a first-class dressmaker——The boys and girls have fun skating——Mrs. Daniels is sick; Mrs. P. Benson, a nice old lady, acts as nurse among the sick ones. Mrs. George Cole has been sick, but is some better——A milliner's shop is needed here——Success to the Postal Card Brigade.

Rev. G. B. Hannaford preached in Currier's Hall, Jan'y 11th, a temperance sermon; his text was from Prov., 20:1; it was highly interesting, and we hope all who listened may be profited by it——Jessie F. Libby, of this village, is teaching school at Gorham——The Tebbetts manufacturing company have been running their spool mill eight hours per day, but owing to a rush of orders they will run on full time for the present——The new church is nearly completed and there will be preaching services held there in two weeks——There will be an apron and neck-tie party at the Mt. Abram Hotel, Jan'y 19th——Miss Fannie Harmon of Lisbon is visiting at Kendall Pollard's——Mrs. Abby Knight was called quite suddenly, last Monday, to Rumford, to attend the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Kimball Hall——About 50 of the members of the Ladies' Circle met last night at Mrs. Hobbs's, and had a very nice time, and realized over $5 for the Society.

LOVELL CENTER.—John Durgin formerly of Kezar Falls, died at the residence of his son-in-law, M. A. Charles, in Lovell, Jan. 11th——Foot race at the skating rink, Jan'y 14th, won by Joseph McLellan; distance 5 miles; time 33 minutes and 50 seconds. Daniel McLellan took second money; time, 34 minutes——Wm. Hazeltine has sold his interest in the spool mill, at North Lovell, to Barnes Walker C. W. Brooks, jr., is now foreman at the mill——Installation of officers at Kezar Valley Lodge, I. O. O. F., Jan'y 10th: John Farrington, N. G.; Amos F. Horr, V. G.; C. K. Chapman, R. Sec.; David Coffin, Per. Sec.; Dean W. Russell, T.

MASON.—Married, Jan'y 10, by Geo. H. Brown, esq., Prescott E. Bennett and Miss Mamie E. Judkins, both of Albany——A smart rain, Monday; a little freshet and another freeze; sleighing all gone, wagons out; business at a standstill; lumbermen feel sober; they can do nothing with their teams——Thomas Morrill has been hauling bark from the Brown lot in Albany to West Bethel; it goes to Norway, for Horne's tannery. James Bennett and Ora Saunders have been yarding a large lot of hemlock for A. S. Bean, near Round Pond——Kilbourn & Saunders are cutting pine, spruce and oak; they cut one yellow pine that scaled over 3,000 feet. It is to be landed at Kezar Pond.

NEWRY.—Last Monday's rainstorm was a serious drawback to all kinds of outdoor industry. Sleighing is ruined; the fields are sheeted with ice; bad outlook for next summer's crop of hay. Almost an ice freshet on Bear River; the stream is clear for long distances, but the banks and lowlands are covered with immense blocks of ice; near Frank Bisbee's there is a big jam——Clarina Twitchell, teacher in District No. 1, is sick with pneumonia. The school in No. 2 has a vacation on account of sickness among the pupils, only two being able to attend——Sleighs and wagons keep each other company on the highway; it's a hard matter to choose between the two——Loggers are discharging their help; teams are lying idle, waiting for snow. Who remembers such a winter? Let the oldest inhabitant put on his thinking-cap.

NORWAY.—Concert at the M. E. church Wednesday evening, Jan'y 14th, by the Leslie Concert Co.——Dramatic entertainment, Thursday evening, Jan'y 15th, at Concert Hall, by the Boston Comedy Co.——Skating at the rink, this week——A large audience at the M. E. church, last Sabbath evening, to listen to the praise service——Ladies's Circle at the Cong'l, Wednesday——Rev. Miss Angell will deliver a lecture next Sabbath evening; subject, "The Unpardonable Sin"——Campfire at the Harry Rust Post, Friday, Jan'y 16——Frank H. Howe is at home on a short visit.

OXFORD.—The Robinson M'f'g Co. have finished their repairs and started their mill on full time——The school in Dis't No. 11 taught by F. B. Andrews, closed Friday——Mr. and Mrs. Elias Webber celebrated the 55th anniversary of their marriage with a variety wedding, Friday evening. A large number of friends and neighbors met, carrying many useful and ornamental gifts. Among other amusements was guessing on a box of confectionery; Herbert Jordan was the fortunate winner. The guests were served with an oyster supper and other refreshments——Two weddings last week and a serenade at Wm. Robinson's——The Webber Troupe left for Bryant's Pond, Monday, and will go from that place to Norway. We are sorry to learn that the Leslie Brothers' engagements are such they cannot give the concert as announced——Much sickness prevails and doctors are in demand.

PERU.—H. W. Babb has got a matched pair of Durham bulls that are hard to beat——The rain on the 12th inst. raised the Androscoggin so there was no crossing the next day.

EAST PERU.—Mandeville Hall has sold the island, that formerly belonged to the Lunt farms, to Dana Gordon for $400——The Smith Brothers will commence work in their mill as soon as there is snow enough for the farmers to haul in their birch.

POTTER.—Snow mostly gone; wagons are again in use. Teams have had to leave the woods; somewhat unusual for the middle of January——Mr. John S. Edgecomb of Parsonfield died on Friday last, aged 60 years and 9 mos. He had a shock of paralysis some two years ago and has been failing ever since. For some time he has been unable to speak or even articulate a sound. He was an honored member of Drummond Lodge, F. & A. M——Mrs. James Gall was found dead in bed, Thursday of last week at her residence in Effingham, N. H.——O. F. Wiggin of this place is very sick in Boston, where he has been at work the past season——Mrs. Milliken, of South Hiram, widow of the late James Milliken, died on Friday last. She was upwards of 70 years of age, and had been out of health for some time——The people of this place are getting ready to build a new church in the spring to replace the one burned on last July 4th. R. G. Heard had his store and store-house burned at the same time: the benefit of boys burning fire-crackers——Nathaniel Churchill, of Parsonfield, an old bachelor of 47 years, was married to a New York lady in Boston last week; strange things will happen, sometimes.

ROXBURY.—Snow nearly all gone, ice everywhere, brooks frozen up and running out and making ice all about; business at a standstill——Carrie Locke has gone to Byron to teach out a school; the school was begun by a man; he was not able to carry it through, but Miss Locke, being the daughter of a bear-hunter, will have no trouble with the school.——Mrs. Louisa Richards, widow of John Richards, formerly of this town, died in Natick, Mass., very suddenly a few days since.

Brisk rain Jan'y 12th——W. H. Jenne has been laid up three weeks with sores on his hands——A. A. Jenne has finished yarding poplar——Roads very icy with some bare ground——Mrs. Hersey is better——I hear the Commissioners were dividing the land of the Gregg heirs, Jan. 9——The Commissioner jon the Bradeen and Goff case, Hon. Waldo Pettengill, found about nine per cent surplus on lines measured, except the Mexico and Carthage lines.

RUMFORD.—Stage again on wheels, and wagons generally used, but the roads are so icy that the wagon occasionally comes near getting ahead of the horse. Thursday morning the scene changes, and sleighs are out to stay for the winter, it is hoped, as the snow contiues to fall steadily——Mrs. Daniel Martin and her daughter Julia have gone to Mass. to spend the remainder of the winter with friends and relatives——Only a very few of the leading(?) citizens of this section signed the petition for the removal of the county building——Dolbier of Farmington, a fur dealer, and Charley Price have just returned from a trip through the notch, heavily laden with fur, having bought 200 fox skins with other fur——J. H. Barker, who has been in poor health for more than a year, and under treatment by a physician much of the time, appears to be improving slowly, and his many friends would be pleased to hear of his speedy recovery. A. H. Price, having been confined to the house most of the time for the last month, with a bad cold, is now much better, though not yet free from a cough.

RUMFORD CENTRE.—The rain, Monday, played mischief with the river, breaking up the ice in some places and made crossing dangerous at most points; wheels have taken the place of sleighs, and teamsters have a forlorn look; snow is anxiously looked for——It has been a bad winter thus far for colds. Charles Graham and wife and daughter have all been sick; also the widow Lafkin, Mrs. Richardson, and others. Mrs. Dolloff, who has been ill for several weeks, is about the house, though still feeble. Phineas Abbott, who was badly injured, is improving——Miss Blanche has returned from New York, where she has spent several months with relatives.

EAST SUMNER.—An extensive job of paving with solid ice has just been completed in our streets by Jack Frost. "There's many a slip" thereon, as in the passage "twixt cup and lip," but no broken bones are reported——Several car-loads of apples have lately been shipped from this place. Producers receive $1.50 per barrel. Part of them are to be sent to England——Dea. Seth S. Stetson, who has been confined to the house by illness for several weeks, is out again. Though 77 years of age, this is his first sickness of sufficient severity to call for the aid of a physician.

UPTON.—Born, Jan. 9th, to the wife of Aldana Brooks, a daughter—13 1-2 lbs——F. W. Bragg, who has been away nearly two years, has returned——Good skating on the Lake——Al. Dolbin has been in town buying fur——Snow seems to be the one thing needed to make lumbering profitable.

NORTH WATERFORD.—Dancing school at Mosher's Hall every Thursday evening; taught by Prof. Robinson of Norway——Odd Fellows held their semi-annual installation of officers, Wednesday, Jan'y 7——Wm. Farmer and Mrs. Emma Russell were married at Waterford Flat, Tuesday evening, Jan. 13——The latest pastime: watching pedestrians.

WEST PARIS.—It was Dr. Yates who got tipped out of his carriage &c., referred to last week. He had another little episode a few days ago: Going to the blacksmith shop one of those rainy days, his feet slipped and the Dr. slid some distance on the wet ice before he could right himself——Mr. Simeon Webber got a bump on the ice while walking the street the other day; two large dogs were running at play, and one of them struck Mr. W., knocking his feet from under him, which brought his head and shoulders on the ice; a bunch on his head and a lame neck were the result——S. W. Dunham and Wm. Starbird have swapped horses——The steam mill company have decided to put a new and larger boiler into their mill, to cost $700 or $800, the old one being condemned as unsafe——Sleighing has gone up; wagons are again on the road; terrible icy in our village; business, in good part, is "hung up"——Shall we sigh, "Oh come to us, good old Democratic times!" who sighs? God save our country; protect our industries, that we may care for ourselves——It snows this morning, 15th——Miss A. L. Minard has returned from Magalloway to North Paris in quite good health——Mrs. Edith Washburn is quite low and failing——Lucy Andrews is attending school at No. Paris——Hattie Childs has got better——A large gathering, pleasant time, many pretty and valuable presents at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis at So. Woodstock, Thursday, Jan. 8.

FIRE!

IN STOW—BUILDINGS OF O. M. EASTMAN BURNED—A BRAVE WOMAN SAVES THE STOCK—HAY, GRAIN AND FURNITURE LOST.

[Special Correspondence.]

The farm buildings of O. M. Eastman were burned Saturday last, at four o'clock p. m. The fire caught in the stable from a spark. Mr. Eastman was in the woods, some half a mile from home. The stock was saved by Mrs. Eastman and a little boy. Three horses were in the stable; Mrs. E. cut the halters and led them to the door, the fire dropping into the stall of the last one. Quite a quantity of hay and grain and a part of the furniture was lost.

STOW.

BETHEL.

NO LUMBERING—CHURCH NOTES—POTATOES BY THE CAR LOAD—NEW PROPRIETOR OF GRIST MILL—A CONCERT—PEOPLE SICK, AND THE DOCTORS BUSY.

By our well-known correspondent "C."

The recent rain and warm weather have taken off nearly all the snow, and logging teams have come to a stand still and business will be delayed till another fall of snow.

The two churches united and observed the week of prayer. The meetings were very interesting. Prof. Osman Graham Wallace gave a lecture at the M. E. church last Sabbath evening, to a full house. Subject, "How Shall we Solve the Problem of Life?" Prof. Wallace is endorsed by the press as one of the most popular lecturers. His presentation of the above subject was very forcible and showed him to be an orator and scholar. Mr. Wallace has been secured to deliver his celebrated lecture upon Egypt and the teachings of the Great Pyramid at the same place on Tuesday and Friday evenings, Jan. 13 and 16.

John Swan has loaded and shipped from our station, forty car loads of potatoes. Price paid, 35 and 38 cents.

Mr. F. J. Brown has leased the grist mill at the foot of the hill for one year and is ready to grind corn and wheat.

Mr. H. R. Godwin and wife returned last week from a visit to Annapolis, Nova Scotia, where they have been visiting her friends. Mr. Wheelock Davis who has been at home on a visit, has returned to Boston and is to take charge of a department in an institution as instructor of ancient languages.

Prof. Carlton will deliver his grand concert—a cantata, Esther, the Beautiful Queen, at Pattee's Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Jan. 23 and 24. We advise all lovers of music to be present.

Dr. G. M. Twitchell arrived in town last Tuesday, and will remain a few days.

The sudden changes of weather are bad for those who are afflicted with lung difficulties, and our physicians have all they can attend to visiting their numerous patients. Mrs. Hattie C. Brown died last Thursday with erysipelas in the head. She was sick only a few days. She was buried Saturday, 10th inst. Mrs. Brown was a devoted christian. She leaves two daughters and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

WILSON'S MILLS.

WHICH IS THE POST-OFFICE FOR LINCOLN PLANTATION—A LUMBER REGION—ACCIDENTS AND SICKNESS—ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRAVELERS.

Special Correspondence.

The warm weather is about as discouraging as weather can be, to the working part of the community, in our section of the county; the want of snow making it very hard for all who are engaged in lumbering operations. With the thermometer ranging from 20 to 50, and a rain storm every three days, the prospect is dismal enough. Many are yarding timber, hoping to have snow enough, by and by, to haul to the river.

There is an unusual number of accidents and cases of sickness, among the crews in camp above here: A. W. Fickett had, at one time, seven men out of a crew of eleven, laid up with influenza. M. D. Sturdivant had his jaw badly broken by the flying back of a lever while lifting; he goes to Bethel today for medical treatment.

Flint & McLucas have more than they can do, in the blacksmith shop, owing to so many "smash-ups" caused by the rough roads.

F. A. Flint is still adding to the convenience of his house, by new rooms, and is now well prepared to accommodate travelers.

S.

"Weare's Sure Cure for Heaves" is the only reliable remedy science has yet produced. Sold by A. M. Gerry.

ITCHING PILES—SYMPTOMS AND CURE. The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching; very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "SWAINE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also, for Tetter, Itch, Salt-Rheum, Scald-Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Box, by mail, 50 Cts.; 3 for $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa. Sold by Druggists.

LIVER, KIDNEY OR STOMACH TROUBLE. Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels, irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in side back and heart, yellow urine, burning when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad breath, no desire for work, chills, fevers, irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough, dizzy head, with dull pain in back part, loss of memory, foggy sight. For these troubles "SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box, (30 Pills), by mail, 25 Cts.; 5 for $1.00. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists.

COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION. All throat, Breast and Lung Affections cured by the old established "SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY." The first dose gives relief, and a cure speedily follows. 25 Cts., or $1.00 at Druggists.

LONDON HAIR RESTORER—GREAT ENGLISH Toilet Article. Restores growth, color, gloss and softness. Removes Dandruff. Aristocratic families of Great Britain endorse it. Elegant dressing. Fragrantly perfumed. The favorite of fashion. At Druggists for 8s 1½d, or 75 cts. in U. S. money.

PORTLAND WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples	
Evaporated	8a 11
Dried	4a 65
Green	1 00a2 00
Beans	
Pea	1 75a1 85
Medium	1 65a1 75
Yellow Eyes	2 00a2 15
Bread	
Pilot Sup	7 50a10 00
Ship	4 00a 5 00
Crackers pr.100	25a 50
Butter	
Creamery	28a30
Gilt Edge Vermont	25a28
Choice	20a22
Good	15a16
Store	1 ±12
Cheese	
Vermont pr.lb	10¼14
N. Y. Factory	10¼14
Coal (Retail.)	
Cumberland	5 50a6 00
Acadia	7 00a7 50
Chestnut	5 75a
Franklin	7 00a7 50
Lehigh	5 75a
Coffee	
Java pr.lb	18 a21
Rio	10¼12½
Fish	
Cod, 1s pr.qtl	3 25a3 50
large S'k	2 50a3 00
small	2 25a2 75
Pollock	1 75a2 00
Haddock	1 75a2 25
Hake	1 75a 2 25
Herring, shore	2 00a3 00
Scaled, pr.box	14a 18
No. 1	12a 15
Mackerel, Bay No 1, pr.bbl	18 00a20 00
Shore, No.1	18 00a21 00
Large 3	8 00a 9 50
Small	5 50a 6 50
Clam Bait	3 00a 4 00
Flour	
Superfine	3 75a3 25
Spring xx	4 75a5 00
Pat.Spring Wheat	5 25a6 00
Mich. best	4 50a4 75
St.Louis,wtr,fair	3 00a3 25
Grain	
Corn, H.M.car lots	57a58
No.2	56a57
bag lots	57a58
Oats, car lots	37a38
bag lots	38a40
S'k'd Bran c.l.	17 75a18 25
Middlings c.l.	20 00a21 00
do bag lots	21 00a24 00
Hay	
Pressed pr.ton	14 00a16 00
Loose	14 00a17 00
Straw	8 00a10 00
Molasses	
Porto Rico	30a45
Muscovado	25a27
Barbadoes	28a30
Cienfuegos	23a24
Boiling	17a18
Nails	
Cask	2 50a2 50
Produce	
New Potatoes bush	45a50
Turkeys	14a16
Chickens	13a15
Fowls	13a15
Sweet Potatoes	4 75a5 00
Eggs, per doz	25a29
Provisions	
Mess Beef	11 00a11 50
Ex Mess	11 50a12 00
Plate	12 50a13 00
Ex Plate	14 00a14 50
Pork, Backs	15 75a16 00
Clear	15 00a15 50
Mess	13 00a13 50
Hams	11a11½
Raisins	
Muscatel	2 75a3 5 8
London Layers	2 90a3 25
Valencia "	6 50a10 00
Rice	
Rice, per lb	6a7½
Rangoon	5½a6
Salt	
Turk's Island per hhd. (bd)	2 00a2 50
Bonaire	2 00a2 50
Cadiz, duty pd	2 00a2 50
Cadiz in bond	1 75a2 00
Liverpool duty pd	2 75a3 00
Liv. in bond	1 50a1 75
Gr'nd Butter, pr.box	16
Liv. fine sack	1 25a1 75
Seeds	
Clover, pr.lb	9½a10½
Red Top, pr.bag	2 25a2 50
Timothy	1 65a1 75
Starch	
Laundry	5a6
Sugar	
Granulated	a5 3-8
Extra C	a5 7-8
Teas	
Souchong	25a45
Com. Oolong	25a30
Choice Oolong	45a60
Japan	25a30
do. choice	35a60

It costs $5 for a marriage and only $2 for a divorce. If you take Jadwin's Tar Syrup it will cost you 25c. Holden sells it

Try all of the quack nostrums and all of the old women recipes, and then if you want to be cured of your Coughs, Colds and Croup, you may do so by using Jadwin's Tar Syrup. 25c. and $1 per bottle; —at Holden's.

NATURE'S REMEDY
Vegetine
THE GREAT
BLOOD
PURIFIER

BEAR IN MIND

that when your blood becomes impure the safe guard against serious illness is to at once resort to some reliable purifier. Long experience with Vegetine proves beyond question that it is the best blood purifier known.

DON'T ALLOW BLOTCHES

and pimples to disfigure you when there is a positive cure to be had in the timely use of Vegetine.

REST AND SLEEP

are indispensable, would you enjoy sound health. Its controlling influence over the nervous system, has made VEGETINE a blessing to thousands. Nervous sufferer you will find sure relief in Vegetine.

NEVER GIVE UP

however serious your case, whether of Scrofula, Liver or Kidney Complaint, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood until you have given Vegetine a thorough trial. It is a remedy for just this class of diseases and in numerous cases, which all efforts have failed to reach, it has proved to be of great efficacy.

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The Spring Term of Twelve Weeks, opens,

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In its complete board of instruction,

Arrangements for the accommodation of students,

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THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD!

Full assortment of the above, as well as of the celebrated EUREKA KNITTING SILK, Embroidery Filoche, etc., for sale by all leading dealers. 100 page Illustrated Pamphlet, with rules for Knitting, Embroidery, Crochet, etc., sent for 10 cents in stamps. Waste Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 40 cents per ounce. Waste, Sewing Silk, Black or assorted, 25 cents per ounce.

EUREKA SILK CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

REMOVING the County buildings on paper, or the views of the public as gathered by the ADVERTISER reports from every section of Oxford county, will appear in the next Friday's edition of the OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER. You should read that paper.

REPORT of the Premium awards of the Oxford County Agricultural Association on "raised crops," showing expen

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughters say

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Grand Trunk Railway

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Sept. 8th, 1884, and until further notice, trains will run as follows:

MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.

	Pass. A. M.	Mixed. A. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Gorham,	8 20	9 40	5 55
Gilead,	8 42	10 10	6 25
W. Bethel,	8 58	10 40	6 45
Bethel,	9 05	10 50	6 50
Locke's Mills,	9 14	11 10	7 00
Bryant's Pond,	9 22	11 20	7 17
West Paris,	9 32	11 40	7 30
So. Paris,	9 44	11 55	7 45
So. Paris, (leave)	11 30	4 15	8 10
Norway, (arrive)	11 00	4 20	8 15
Norway, (leave)	11 40	5 00	8 00
So. Paris, (arrive)	11 45	5 05	8 05
Oxford,	11 57	5 21	8 27
Lewiston Junction,	12 30	5 45	8 50
Portland,	12 50	6 05	9 20

Trains leave Lewiston for Portland at 7 35 7 50 and 11 40 A. M., and 1 47 and 4 30 P. M.

PORTLAND TO MONTREAL.

	Mixed. A. M.	Pass. P. M.	Mixed. P. M.
Portland,	6 45	1 30	4 00
Lewiston Junction,	7 15	2 00	4 30
Oxford,	8 00	2 34	7 00
So. Paris,	8 16	2 57	7 30
So. Paris, (leave)	10 15	3 35	7 15
Norway, (arrive)	10 20	3 40	7 20
Norway, (leave)	10 50	3 27	7 35
So. Paris, (arrive)	10 55	3 32	7 40
West Paris,	11 05	4 00	7 54
Bryant's Pond,	11 15	4 17	8 04
Locke's Mills,	11 23	4 30	8 12
Bethel,	11 34	4 40	8 47
W. Bethel,	11 42	4 50	8 55
Gilead,	11 56	5 05	9 20
Gorham,	12 20	5 35	10 00

Trains leave Portland, for Lewiston at 7 15 and 7 35 A. M., 1 15, and 5 20 P. M.

'A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE UNION MAY WELL ERR BY EXAMINING THE WAY THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

by the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and offers choice routes, perhaps, with greater facilities, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unsurpassed, its road-bed being composed of Steel Underframe and Roadway Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River. Two Trains between Council Bluffs, Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Kokomo, Peru, Rome, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Minneapolis, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and points West.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through, and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Man'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Ag't.

CHICAGO.

PORTLAND STEAM PACKET CO.

OLD RELIABLE LINE OF

Boston Steamers. Fare $1.

The favorite Steamer, Elegant New Steamer, JOHN BROOKS TREMONT

Will alternately leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, at 7:00 o'clock p. m., and India Wharf, Boston, at 5:00 o'clock p. m., DAILY (Sundays excepted).

Passengers by this line secure a comfortable night's rest and avoid the expense and inconvenience of arriving in Boston late at night.

Through tickets for sale at all principle stations of Grand Trunk, B. F. & B., P. & O., and Me. Central R. Rs. and baggage checked through.

Nov., 1884. J. B. COYLE Jr. Gen. Agent.

Cigars & Cigarettes.

I have just received

A LARGE VARIETY

from the Manufactories and I offer them to the trade at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

at Wholesale, and I will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

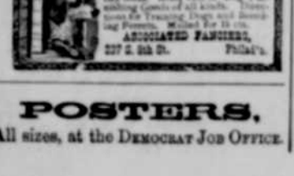
J. H. RAWSON.

Paris, Oct. 1883.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & Smell. A quick & positive Cure.

50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Sample by mail 10 cts. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.



POSTERS,

All sizes, at the DEMOCRAT JOB OFFICE.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

[Communications for this Department should be sent the editor, W. H. EASTMAN, East Sumner, Me.]

I.—A LITERARY ASSEMBLY.

(Names of authors, hidden and expressed.)

A maid and lover, one fine day,
Were through the greenwood straying;
The maiden's face was wreathed in smiles,
He earnestly was saying,

"I'll never, never love but thee;
Thy love beyond all price is.
And I have built a little house
On yonder hill that rises.

"This cottage is a pretty place,
And bread and cheese I'll furnish;
You genteel place is all your own,
To sweep and scrub and burnish."

Then spake the maid, "O Dick! enshrined
Within my heart your face is;
I'd fain step o'er my own threshold—
That loveliest of places!"

A hug or two he gave her then;
For o'er his heart a feeling
Of joy which must expression have
Most rapturously came stealing.

A little verbose were they both;
But that to naught amounted.
The woods were heedless of their words,
Nor looks, nor tones were counted.

GELIA SANN.

II.—WORD SQUARE.

1. Hollow pipes.
2. Concord or confederation.
3. A word whose meaning is the book.
4. A word derived from Æolus.
5. One who steals away meanly.

D. O.

III.—ENIGMA.

Composed of 45 letters.

My 3, 28, 8, 39, 4, 41, 36, 1 was a city of Africk.

My 23, 43, 35 is a river of Europe.

My 38, 11, 22, 18, 33, 44, 42, 13, 26, 24, 3, 10 is a city in the United States.

My 13, 32, 27 is an article of wearing apparel.

My 17, 5, 35, 15 was a city of Syria.

My 30, 12, 34, 21, 31, 9, 6, 19 is a river in Europe.

My 25, 37, 45, 10, 29, 2, 39, 6 is a town in Japan.

My 14, 40, 16, 20, 7, 42 is a group of islands south of Europe.

My whole is a quotation from James Russell Lowell.

XANTIPPE.

IV.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a rope or chain of great strength, and leave a word used to express power.
2. Behead a riotous assault, and leave assistance.
3. Behead a substance sometimes used for jewelry, and leave that which is spoken, in distinction from what is written.
4. Behead to contest, and leave a word most frequently used in poetry, meaning to unfold.
5. Behead an ancient language, and leave the organ of sight.
6. Behead a fish, and leave an interjection expressive of disgust or contempt.
7. Behead a phenomenon in nature caused by the moon, and leave a fish.
8. Behead to dress for show, and leave a place of amusement.
9. Behead to overhang, and leave the handle of an axe.
10. Behead ill-will, and leave a girl's name.
11. Behead an ear of grain, and leave a fish.
12. Behead a weapon, and leave a fruit.
13. Behead a musical term, and leave a musical instrument.

BROTHER NED.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF LAST WEEK.

1.—Bod.

2.—All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time.

3.—1, Look before you leap. 2, Make hay while the sun shines.

4.— R E T A I L S
E T H I C S
T H Y M E
A I M S
I C E
L. S.
S

AN ANGRY VIRGINIAN.

A way-up country Virginian was viewing the wonders of the Capitol at Washington, the other day. He had done homage to the statue of Jefferson, had marked all the traces of the former pride of his State, which are found at the Capitol, had been in both the Houses and had done the thing pretty thoroughly, when he found himself on the Senate side looking for an exit. He looked around through the maze of corridors, walked a little way in every hall, tried all the committee-room doors, and became thoroughly bewildered. While in this condition he came across one of the negro attendants, by whom he was directed into a coal pit. This convinced him that there was a plot on hand to rob or murder him, so he came from the pit with a six-shooter in hand, and placing the cold steel close up to the negro's head, demanded to be shown out of the building, or he would blow his black brains out, which he probably would have done, as the negro was too much alarmed to speak, had not two Capitol policemen appeared upon the scene, and placed the hasty Virginian under arrest. He protested very loudly to the Captain of Police that he intended to kill "the black rascal if he had tried any sharp game on him," but the loads were taken from his pistol, and after being locked up for a short time to cool off, he was sent on his way.

A TRAGEDIAN'S JOKE.

Cooke, the celebrated American tragedian of earlier times, once actually pawned himself for money in Philadelphia. Going along the street he discovered a pawn-shop. He entered the door and addressed the man behind the counter thus:

"My name is Cooke. This is my benefit night. The manager can't do without me. I'm up for Richard the Third. I want some liquor. I have no money. Now I propose to pledge my royal person for ten dollars, and you may lay me upon one of your shelves."

The pawn-broker paid the ten dollars, and Cooke was laid up. Meanwhile a large audience had assembled at the theatre, and at seven o'clock the manager was obliged to apologize to the audience for Cooke's absence, and asked permission to commence the performance with a farce. A boy awaited him as he left the stage, and presented a note written in cipher, which he translated thus:

MY DEAR JONES:

I am pawned for ten dollars; send and redeem me, or it will be impossible for "Richard to be himself" tonight.

Yours, W. COOKE.

The manager hurried off to the pawn-shop; he found Cooke with a piece of paper in his button-hole marked, "No. 1,473, Pawned for $10." The amount was paid, a cab called, and Mr. Cooke and the manager returned to the theatre. Soon the eccentric tragedian was before the audience, and he never played better than on this occasion.

INOPORTUNE.—A Danbury man bought an alarm clock. Then he went to the theatre. Just as the curtain was about to rise and the audience was hushed in the anticipation of coming events a strange noise was heard. It was the alarm clock, of course. They never go off when wanted, but always make an infernal racket when you would like to have peace and quiet. It is the nature of alarm clocks.

—The preacher who asked, the other day, if "they had got Grant out yet," was from Florida. "Well," he said, "I keep hearin' so much about him that I thought he must be President."

Our January PRICE LIST.

Good Family Flour,	5.00
Extra " "	5.50
Best White Wheat Flours made,	6.00
Morse & Sammis Best, (Spring Wheat,) the equal of any flour made,	6.25
Gran. Sugar, 7c., 15 lbs for $1	
Pork,	10c.
Lard,	10c.
White Oil,	14c.
No. 1 Rio Coffee (roasted)	18c.
No. 2 " "	15c.
Old Government Java (roasted),	30c.

N. Dayton Bolster,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Tobacco! Tobacco!

—AT—

G. H. PORTER'S,
South Paris, Me.

40 Different Kinds,

From 30c. to $1.00 a Pound.

—ALSO—

The Best Assortment of

CIGARS

In Oxford County.

7% FARM LOANS in INDIANA and OHIO. Nothing safer, more desirable or more profitable. For further information and circular address

JOS. A. MOORE,
84 East Market Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

FREE A Book of 100 pages on Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N.J. Send 3c. for postage. LOVE

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address, Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Florida for pleasure, health and profit. Orange groves, lots and truck farms. For particulars write LAND COMMISSIONER, P. O. Box 400, Jacksonville, Fla.

TO the Honorable County Commissioners of the County of Oxford.

Humbly represents the undersigned citizens of Oxford County, that public convenience and necessity require that the County Buildings should be located at some point on the line of the Railroad and near some important business center, and therefore request your Honors to designate some place at or near the Railroad crossing at the present skirt town, on the Norway Branch R. R., on the road leading from South Paris to Norway, for the erection of new County Buildings, and report such location to the several towns for their action thereon, at their next annual meeting. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

HORACE N. BOLSTER,
JOHN L. HORNE,
and 140 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS. OXFORD, ss.—Board of County Commissioners, December session, 1884; held by adjournment January 1st 1885.

Upon the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible, and that inquiry into the merits of their application is expedient, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners meet at the Andrews House, South Paris, on the eleventh day of February A. D. 1885, next, at ten o'clock, A. M., and hear the petitioners, if any, to view the location mentioned in said petition, immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and their witnesses will be had at the village hall, South Paris and such other measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall judge proper. And it is further ordered, that notice of said time, place and purpose of the Commissioners' meeting aforesaid be given to all persons and corporations interested, by causing attested copies of said petition and this order thereon to be forwarded to the Chairman of the Selectmen of each Town, and to the Chairman of the Assessors of each Plantation and also published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, Oxford County Advertiser, Oxford County Record, and Canton Telephone, newspapers printed in said County of Oxford, the first of said publications to be made at least thirty days before the time of meeting, to the end that all persons and corporations may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted.

Attest: ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order of Court thereon.

Attest: ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Clerk.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvellous success. Insane Patients Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER For all Brain & Nervous Diseases. Fits cured while under its influence. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients. Only paying express charges on this extraordinary medicine. Unprecedented success. Address Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Warning!

To the people of our county and vicinity: Examine the death record and see the number of people that have died the past year from the effects of impure blood.

HEALTH IS WEALTH

Life is sweet, Spring is here and the Blood needs care. The attention of our readers is called to the

OLD, SAFE, AND RELIABLE

HOUSEHOLD BLOOD PURIFIER

—AND—

COUGH SYRUP!

That is highly endorsed by certificates from reliable people in our State as the Greatest Blood Purifier in the market for all Stomach and Blood Diseases. Sold by all druggists.

CLOVER BITTERS

Cures completely, Cancerous and Scrofulous Humors, Biliousness, Nervousness, Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Lost Manhood, Female Diseases, Debility and Blood Diseases. A trial of Clover Bitters will convince you of its valuable virtues.

LARGE BOTTLES ONLY 50 CENTS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

GEORGE M. ALLEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS,
Augusta Maine.

DIVORCES ABSOLUTE DIVORCES FOR persons residing throughout the United States and Canada for desertion, non-support, intemperance, cruelty, incompatability, etc. Advice free. State your case and address ATTORNEY WARD, World Building, 1267 Broadway, New York.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, can be had at Bottom Prices, AT Noyes' Drug Store, Norway, Maine.

CALLING THE COWS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

'Twas a vision of the morning,
'Twas a vision of the mist,
Ere the purple hills of dawning
By the sun's first rays were kissed.

Up floated, through gray shadows,
To my chamber's silent gloom,
The tuneful voice of Gracie—
Its music filled my room.

It called me from my roving
In the land of pleasant dreams,
The land of happy loving,
By soft, untroubled streams.

Fair as an Easter lily,
And beautiful and tall,
Stood Gracie—from the shadows
Making her winsome call.

"Soh, Fan! soh, Fan! soh, Pinkie!
Soh, Pinkie! and soh, Fan!"
Paint ye a morning picture
More spirit like who can!

The breathings of the river
To phantom ships had grown;
They curled about the mountain,
They through the vale were blown.

Lightly they clung to Gracie,
Standing on dew drops there;
Lightly they veiled her features,
And flowing golden hair.

Was it a moral maiden,
Thus, half-revealed, that stood.
Or an ocead of the mountain,
Or a dryad of the wood?

Or, from the darkling river,
Had a fair naiad sprung,
Wearing the form of Gracie,
With Gracie's silver tongue?

"Soh, Fan! soh, Fan! soh, Pinkie!
Soh, Pinkie! and soh, Fan!"
Paint ye a morning picture
More spirit-like who can.

—*Journal of Commerce.*

EROS.

BY ROSA MOORE.

Against the golden gate of Heaven
St. Peter leaned and wept.
'Twas said a soul had stolen in
While he had dreaming slept.

The sweet Archangels stood around,
"Straight bring the soul to me
That dared to pass without my leave!"
Full sad and stern was he.

With drooping wings the Cherubim
Stood silent all the day,
Till evening came; and yet no soul
Was found in Heaven astray.

Night brooded over Earth and Hell;
In Paradise 'twas light.
Across the slender bridge of fire
St. Peter saw this sight:

Upon the brim of Hell there stood
A maid as Angels are;
Her face shown like the Jesu's, and
Her voice rose sweet and far.

"Lo! good St. Peter, here am I!
That was not Heaven to me,
While he I loved was ever doomed
Within this Hell to be."

From out all Heaven a shout arose—
Through Hell its music swept;
And 'gainst the golden gate of Doom
St. Peter leaned and wept.

THE NOONDAY REST.

At rest amid the flush of golden corn
When rest is short and sweet;
At rest from toil begins at early morn
By willing hands and feet.

Above, the sky, in all its wide expanse,
Laughs with the deepest blue,
And stray winds waking upward from their trance,
Scarce stir a stalk or two.

How sweet such rest is to the working one!
That mother sitting there
Suckles a tender babe but late begun
This life so strange and fair.

And he, the father, looking down can feel
A new strength in his arm,
And life and toil in softer tones reveal
A deeper sacred charm.

O weary ones that rise at labor's call!
Toil on in hope and pain;
A sure rest cometh when at eventfall
Death stoops to reap his grain.

IT WAS JOSH BROWN.

The wickedest rum-smuggler of the crew that have done in the neighborhood of the Soldiers' Home at Togus and despoil the scarred veterans of their money, is a round, smooth-faced, good-natured and lazy-looking fellow with hay-seed in his hair, who might easily be mistaken for an honest back-woodsman. He is shrewd and indefatigable in his illicit trade, and has made quite a pot of money. The officers have encamped on his track time and time again and he has outwitted them. They know very well what he is doing but they can't obtain evidence against him. We will call him Josh Brown.

One day recently, a fat, hearty unkempt man came into the office of Colonel Smith, quarter-master of the Soldiers' Home, and asked permission to use the telephone, which was readily granted. He called for the Western Union telegraph office, Augusta, and dictated the following telegram to a firm on India Street, Boston:

"Send another package same goods as before, to same address." J. Brown.

Col. Smith started to his feet.

"Is your name Josh Brown?" he asked.

"It is," said Josh coolly.

"Well, for monumental and consummate cheek you beat any man I ever saw. Clear out of this place and don't let me catch you around here again."

Josh was perfectly safe in this brazen operation, as nobody but he and the Boston firm knew the address to which the goods were to be sent.

The colonel, who had been trying to convict him for months, was equally astounded and indignant at Josh's impudent performance.

THE HOSE HAD ITS REVENGE.

It was on Bowdoin Street, Boston, during the last thaw. A gentleman and lady, apparently on their way from a railroad station, happened to pass a house, the front and surroundings of which were undergoing a more than ordinary drenching at the hands of a recklessly ambitious youth with a hose. With the instincts of a fireman, this young tyro was bent upon testing the capacities of his hose. The gentleman and lady rounded the corner to find themselves, bag and bundles, the recipients of a well distributed shower of water. The boy naturally found it the wiser policy, under the circumstances, to disappear. In the meantime his discomfitted victims deposited their portable property and sought to dry themselves with the aid of handkerchiefs. During the drying process the aggrivated gentleman was racking his brain, it seems for some effective means of giving retaliative expression to his pent-up feelings; for no sooner was the handkerchief laid aside than he drew a knife from his pocket and proceeded to cut that unfortunate hose with a desperate vigor. A bountiful stream of water now burst from the opening upon the already persecuted man and spent not a little of its force upon his lady friend. She, feeling no doubt the awkwardness of the situation, deemed it prudent to seek the nearest turning; while the gentleman, nothing abashed, proceeded to dry himself a second time and then, leurely picking up his belongings, walked off solemnly indignant and with the superior air of a big dog that has just quited a troublesome cur.

ELECTRIFYING MILK.—In reference to the London milk supply from Holland and the keeping of milk sweet, by icing or other means, a correspondent of a London newspaper says he repeatedly saw the late Mr. Andrew Cross make experiments in subjecting milk to electric action, whereby it was kept weeks together. Two cylinders of sheet zinc and sheet iron are severally placed in two porous earthenware tubes, open at the top, closed at the bottom, the same being filled with water and connected at the top by a copper riband. The earthenware vessels are placed in the fluid (milk or other) and the electrical action immediately commences, and the fluid becomes antiseptic in a few hours. Milk has been kept sweet for three weeks by this process in the middle of the summer.

—The skating rinks at Saratoga are open. This accounts for the car load of arnica a prominent New York house shipped to Saratoga yesterday.

THE HOMEMAKER'S COLUMN.

This week we have a few words of encouragement and hints from a new friend to give our readers.

One lady suggests that Mr. Watkins might furnish more room, if the column was filled to overflowing.

How would it do to have one column filled by an article on some special subject and another reserved for correspondents. If the ladies were confronted by a blank column would they be any readier to do their part towards filling it? It might be an experiment worth trying.

A. S. evidently understands scrap-book making; we have one of the same kind. There are many nice pictures in the book catalogues sent out by the dealers for the holiday trade. Why isn't Bee's suggestion a good one? It is quite as easy to get into ruts in cooking as anywhere else. It would be next best to going visiting for giving us new ideas.

Dear Homemakers:

The appeal of the editor of the Homemakers Column in the issue of the DEMOCRAT of Dec. 30, ought to reach the heart of every woman who is interested in home, and move her spirit to send a kindly word of cheer, or bit of information for others who may be so much benefited thereby, so overflowing the column that Mr. Watkins will, as a great favor, devote more space to this special feature of his paper. Let each do her part in prolonging the life of our "column."

I have taken so much pleasure in making a scrap-book for pictures that I wish others to know how how to do likewise. Procure as many sheets as desired of heavy manilla paper, which can be purchased at almost any stationers for 3 or 4 cents a sheet, and fold it into the size required,—four leaves to each sheet makes a convenient size. Now select the best from engravings, colored prints, holiday cards, etc., which accumulate in every house, and fasten them with common flour paste, on the leaves of the paper, taking care to add to the effect of the pictures in black and white, by leaving, if possible, a margin of white around them to contrast with the buff of the manilla paper. If the pictures are of fair size, put only one on a page—it looks better than to crowd them. After the pages are arranged, or, if preferred before the pictures are put on, the easiest method of finishing is to have them bound by the book-binders, a work which is not expensive; but if that is inconvenient, a cover of heavy black or brown card-board can be neatly folded over them, and then with a shoemakers punch make holes through the whole thickness of the back, a few inches apart, through which a silken cord may be bound. This makes a strong and very artistic binding. If a proper selection of pictures has been made it will be a book which will give much comfort to its owner, and serve to entertain even fastidious guests.

In directions for the above I referred to using the better pictures. Now the smaller and cheaper ones, such as wood cuts, comic cards, etc., can be pasted into any book which has a strong binding, and the text of which is not cared for,—agricultural works sometimes given as premiums at fairs are excellent for the purpose—and the little folks will be delighted. Let everyone who has children to amuse, save every picture from each waste newspaper and magazine, and thus make a treasure which will give the little ones much enjoyment when they are teasing on rainy days for "something to do." A. S.

H. M. W. says:

"A lady friend writes us from New York that she has been making her Christmas presents, spectacle glass wipers, eye-glass cases, etc., from instructions in this column, and the presents have been admired and appreciated."

For the Home Maker's Column.

Dear Friend:

Why don't every lady write often? Why can't we have a postal card brigade I'd like to know? What do people have that is new for breakfast, dinner and supper. Of course I know they have new bread and pies and new cake—that is freshly baked, but what is there that is really and truly new? Won't Aunt Olive, Evalyn, Betsy Trotwood and all the others give us a bill of fare for a week, and then perhaps we can get some new ideas? BEE.

P. S.—There might be a big interrogation point at the end, instead of so many all through.

GLEANINGS.

A lady writer in the *Household* says: "In regard to healthy plants, I will say: First, be sure you have them potted in a sweet soil, not over-rich. Secondly, if your room is a cold one, be careful not to over-water. Thirdly, if the atmosphere of your room is warm and dry, like furnace heat, sprinkle, or shower the foliage often, and give them all the light and sun that you can.

These things are all in favor of healthy plants. Whenever plants begin to drop their leaves, it is certain that their health has been injured either by over-potting, over-watering, over-heating, or by too much cold, or by applying more stimulants as guano, or by some other meens having destroyed the fine rootlets by which the plant feeds, and induced diseases that may lead to death. Now the remedy is near akin to what is a good one when the animal digestion is deranged.

Give it no more food until it reacts."

A correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "I wish all your readers who hang out clothes to dry in the winter, had mittens like mine.

They are made of white cotton flannel, cut out to fit the hand and stitched around on the sewing machine.

The wrists are long and held in place by a band of white elastic ribbon, so fastened to the outside of the mitten that it may easily be removed when the mittens need washing."

HEALTH HINTS.

Don't go to bed with cold feet.

Don't stand over hot-air registers.

Don't eat what you don't want "just to save it."

Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing.

Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, if well.

Don't start a day's work without eating a good breakfast.

Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutritious food.

Don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast.

Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach, or when ill.

Don't eat between meals, nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal time.—*Selected.*

AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

When a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can be so well given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend just as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should increase, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.—*Woman's Journal.*

—Soft soap and coffee are recommended for mixing with stove polish. It is much easier to black the stoves with this mixture as the polish will come easier than when the blacking is mixed with water.

—A remedy for chapped hands, is after wiping dry, to rub well with corn starch or powdered starch.

—The gravy made from roast lamb is much improved in flavor if a few thin slices of bacon are laid over and under the roast.

—To chop suet easily, sprinkle with flour.

A FEW HINTS

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